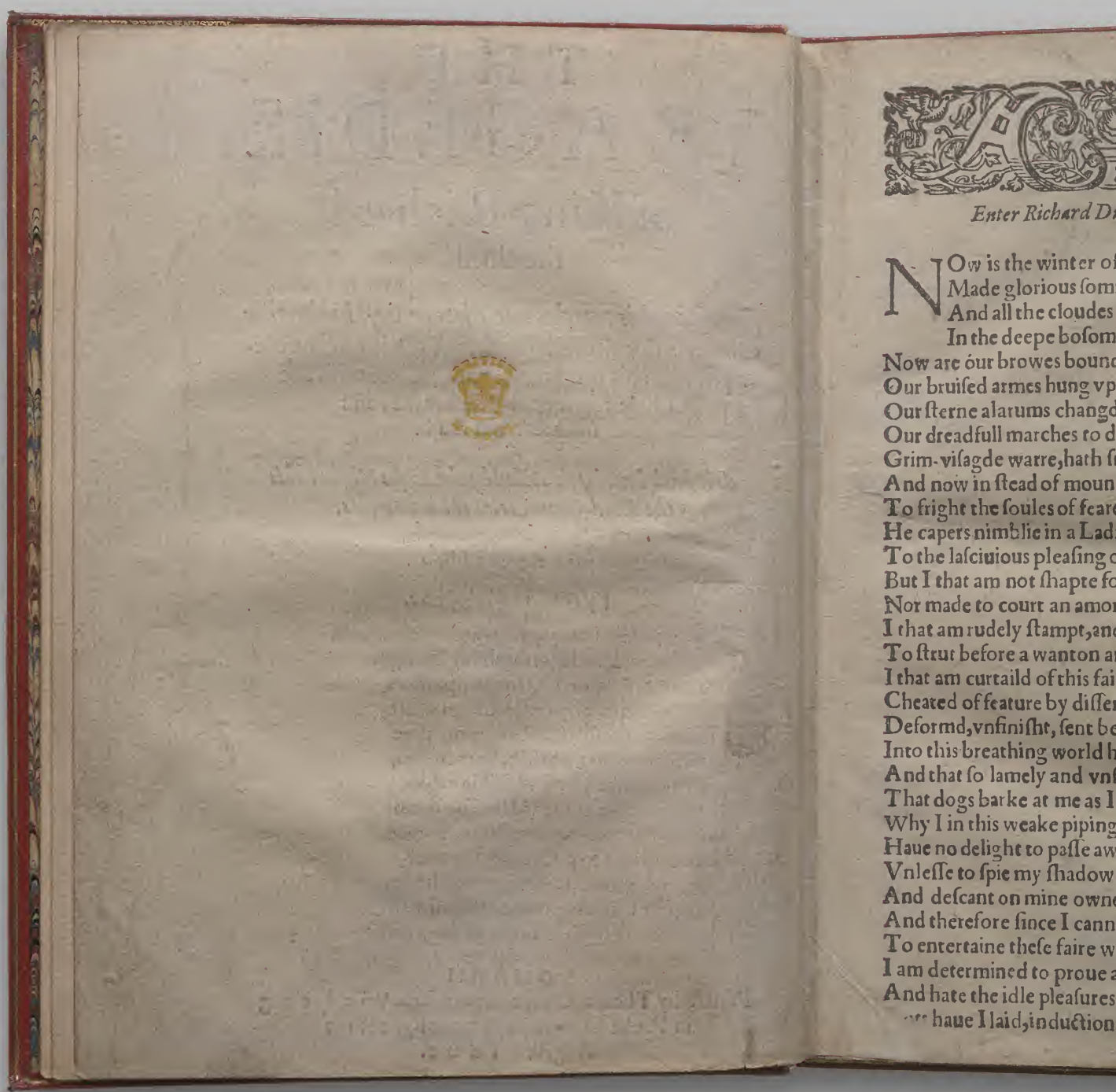

Enter Richard D

NOw is the winter o
Made glorious ſom
And all the cloudes
In the deepe boſom
Now are our browes bound
Our bruiſed armes hung vp
Our ſterne alarums chang
Our dreadfull marches to d
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſ
And now in ſtead of moun
To fright the ſoules of fear
He capers nimblie in a Lad
To the laſciuious pleaſing
But I that am not ſhapte fo
Nor made to court an amo
I that am rudely ſtampt, an
To ſtrut before a wanton a
I that am curtaild of this fai
Cheated of feature by diſſe
Deformd, vnfiniſht, ſent be
Into this breathing world h
And that ſo lamely and vn
That dogs barke at me as I
Why I in this weake piping
Haue no delight to paſſe aw
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow
And deſcant on mine own
And therefore ſince I cann
To entertaine theſe faire w
I am determined to proue
And hate the idle pleaſures
haue I laid, induction